

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

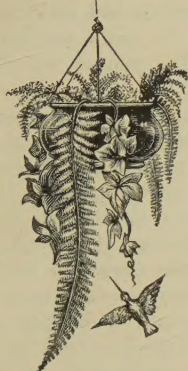
CORTHELL SQ.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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The water! the water!

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth
For parched lip to drink.

The water! the water!

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity.

The water! the water!

Oh, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart.

NELLO'S TEMPTATION.

BY ANNIE E. PURINTON.

Concluded from No. 22.



HE artist took a bit of charcoal, his eye seemed to measure the child, and his hands moved quickly over the canvas. By means of a few strokes Nello saw himself transferred upon the white surface. Did ever such

a wonderful thing happen before?

A week passed. In the delight of his new occupation Nello had almost forgotten Babo. A new world had been stretched before him, and it reached out far over the hills beyond the Campagna. New fare tastes the sweetest. How beautiful and playful was Margaretha! All sorts of delightful things happened. The artist, glad to see his little girl happy, and absorbed in his own work, allowed Nello to stay long after he was needed. Old Nana, keeping them well in sight, followed them about in the beautifully kept garden, and there Nello was daily introduced to new wonders. The sight of the books and toys kept him in a state of bliss. Such delicate little cakes as he was fed upon! Such bread with butter on it, — something he had never tasted before! And then long draughts of fresh, sweet milk! He was no longer dirty or ragged or hungry. The artist had given him a pretty suit of clothes. Cruel Maso would have torn them from his back had he not been wise enough to know that the clothes on Nello were a better investment than they could be anywhere else. It was well to keep his peace with such gentlefolks, for his income from Nello's hands was increasing daily. Besides, there was no need of feeding Nello now with even scraps, for the child was well fed, and growing stout.

But Nello's happiness was not quite unalloyed. One morning Margaretha looked up at him gravely with her large blue eyes. "Stupid Nello! he can neither read nor write. Nana must teach him," she said to her nurse.

Nana shrugged her shoulders. "*Cara mia*, it's no use; he could never get beyond the first letter of the alphabet."

"But he must be taught," said Margaretha, decidedly. "Here, Nello, you must learn to read."

Poor Nello! he remembered Padre Stafand's failure. "*Si, signora; si, signora*," he said, lifting up his dark eyes very pitifully.

"Then you will understand these pictures," she said, showing him the decorated pages.

"*Si, signora*."

"We will begin this very day," said the child, seriously. That was too much for Nello. What if Margaretha should shake him, just as the Padre had done! The garden suddenly lost its fine flavor.

But if Nello found it dull learning to read, Margaretha also found it dull teaching. Consequently his torture was not of very long duration. "Never mind; it's too warm to study to-day," said Margaretha, closing the book, "and you are so very stupid. Perhaps you will be brighter to-morrow."

Nello had a very wise head on his young shoulders. He began to think how he could make Margaretha forget on the morrow. But he did not hit upon a plan until he was feeding the doves the next morning. Frisetti was unusually playful. Her small dark eyes followed him around

inquisitively as he turned to do his one domestic duty of filling the Virgin's lamp. She hopped from the window-ledge to the chair, then to the table, and was presently on Nello's shoulder. "Joy unshared is only half enjoyed;" Nello wished some one was there to admire her.

"Wouldn't you like to go up to the palace with me?" said Nello suddenly. "Curoo! curoo!" replied Frisetti. It sounded as if it meant something. It was a brilliant idea; and eager to carry out his plan, he hunted up an old basket and put Frisetti in it. "I am so glad I thought of it! I am sure Margaretha will be pleased," thought Nello. "Curoo! curoo!" cried the dove; and as she lifted her soft eyes to Nello, something in them reminded him of Babo. He hesitated a moment; he remembered the promise he had made her.

Frisetti jumped on the edge of the basket. She did not want to be kept any longer in such a stuffy place. Nello impatiently pushed her back again. "Dear me! one can't always do what is right. But I will take her out to Babo this afternoon," he said; and he really meant to do so.

But it was not so easy to do that. Margaretha was wild with delight at sight of her new play-fellow. She forgot her books and her toys. "Oh, thank you! Pretty dear!" she cried. And all the morning, while Nello was posing, she played with Frisetti and gave her food.

Nello was glad to see her so merry. "She likes it; I wish I had brought the others," he thought. It was not until he turned to take Frisetti home that Margaretha realized that Nello had not given her the dove. She was accustomed to have everything she wanted. "Cruel Nello!" she said with a scowl, and then burst into tears.

That settled the matter. "I can't take Frisetti away, she's so fond of her. Some other day will do as well for Babo," said Nello.

But that day was long in coming. For a week the weather was dull; for a week Nello was again in fairy-land. The little Margaretha never thought of anything very long at a time. She never spoke again of his learning to read, and he took very good care not to mention the subject.

And what of Babo these many days? Out under the olive-tree she sits, waiting for Nello. A sunbeam peeps down through the branches and makes a spot of brightness on the little girl's apron. A lizard, darting along, stops a moment to warm itself in the rays that fall at her feet; but an impatient movement of the child frightens it away. The butterflies flit to and fro before her, and high in the branches the skylark pours forth its carol. Babo is the only one who sees no beauty in the day and sunshine. Her small feet kick impatiently at the ground beneath her, and her eyebrows are drawn together in a petulant frown. In her lap she holds a ragged doll whose best days have long ago departed. It has no arms, and only one leg dangles under its scarlet dress. A few sparse flaxen locks, and glass eyes that stare straight upward, hint at comeliness. The nose is battered in, and the paint, rubbed off the lips, shows only a thin line where the lips have been. But Babo has loved her; perhaps she may love her again. But now she only takes her up and impatiently shakes her. "Stupid, why don't you speak?" she said, holding her up. "What are you looking at?" she asks, as the stolid glass eye looks straight before her. No answer. Babo's brow contracts still more. She points the tip of her finger at the eye, and then with a sudden movement thrusts it into it. The eye cracks, frees itself from the socket, and drops with a hollow sound into the cavity behind it.

Babo looked for a moment with mingled pity and anger at the mischief she had done, and then with an air of disgust she threw the doll far from her. "She's nothing but sawdust; she can't talk, the horrid thing!" and burying her face in her frock, she burst into a passion of tears. Neither the flowers nor the butterfly, the lizard nor the neglected doll, can comfort her. They cannot speak; and she has waited so long for Nello!

Frisetti had become a great pet with the artist and his daughter. She took all sorts of liberties, and made herself as much at home in the studio as if she had been born and bred there. There was but one drawback. It was a gilded cage, but, after all, it was a prison. The artist, foreseeing the fact that were the dove free she would fly back to her old quarters, had provided a light gilt chain, which he fastened around Frisetti's ankle. This was somewhat unwieldy to manage, and the children laughed heartily as the dove reflectively cocked her head, making a series of coos, as if deliberating how she should unfasten it. She would flap her wings and make a dart; but alas! the length of the chain was too short for her ambition, and her journey was limited to the window-ledge.

Nello had been posing for half an hour. He did not feel quite as merry to-day, and the sunshine beckoning for him to come outside gave him a homesick longing for the Campagna. He had got somewhat accustomed to his new dignity. The armor, the faded tapestry, the gilded chairs, and the fine paintings had ceased to be novel. After all, they were the same one day as another. The doors and windows of the studio were closed, and Margaretha had freed the dove from his bondage by unfastening the chain from his ankle. Just then a servant entered the room with an important note for the artist, and in his haste he left the door ajar. No one saw it but Frisetti, who, without much parleying, quickly disappeared. It was not many minutes before Margaretha discovered her loss.

"She's gone! she's gone!" cried the child in great distress. The artist turned in amazement. He had forgotten all about Frisetti.

"Oh, Nello, run quickly! If she should fly away, I'll never forgive Cesco!" cried the little lady in a state of great perturbation.

Nello was nothing loth to do as she bade him. He took off his shoes (he had not yet learned to run with them on) and started. He flew, as the dove had flown, across the street, down the long hill, through the open square; and then he mounted the staircase that led up to the tower. He found Frisetti where he knew he should find her. In the niche behind the Virgin was the beautiful dove, cooing with the mother-bird. The dream of liberty was a blessed reality.

Nello's conscience was very elastic. Now that he was away from the palace, he determined to take a holiday. He would go out on the Campagna and fulfil his promise to Babo. So once again Frisetti was tucked into the basket, and away Nello went, light-hearted and merry. Once or twice he loitered to gather the star-flowers and the violets that were nodding at him in the grass; but Frisetti would get uneasy, and peck at the basket-cover. Once she succeeded in pushing it off. So Nello ran along all the more willingly when he saw a bush in front of him black with juicy berries.

Babo's home had once been an old tomb. The tall walls of brick were still standing. Landro had made a roof and filled in the apertures with clay. Over the front door on a marble slab was

a Latin inscription; but the wild vines hung over it, and poor ignorant Landro could never have translated it. In a cleft in the broken wall a fig-tree had sprung up, and with its broad, gray-green leaves made a pleasant shade for the inmates. In a little out-house built of clay Landro kept his goats and a pair of oxen, — those beautiful dove-colored creatures with wide-spreading horns, which should be called beasts of beauty rather than beasts of burden.

Already Nello had lifted his hand to pull the door-latch. "Whist! whist!" It was Babo's mother who spoke as she came up the garden-path. On her head was a quaintly-fashioned pitcher filled with water. There was a strange stillness about the place, quite different from the laughter and the joy that always greeted him.

"Where is Babo?"

The mother lifted the pitcher from her head, and said: "She's been in bed for three days. Go home; the fever runs high. It is no place for you."

"But Frisetti —" making his humble offering with a sinking heart.

"Ah, bad boy! she started alone to go to Rome for Frisetti. She lost her way; she fell in the brook; she had never been out at night before. Oh, certainly it will be the death of her!" the mother said hastily, entering the house and closing the door upon him.

"Oh, certainly it will be the death of her!" Nello repeated it over and over in a dazed sort of fashion. "It can't be true," he whispered.

In every nook the flowers were blooming, in every bush the birds were singing; but they could no longer make Nello happy. The consciousness of wrong-doing darkened all the beauty. At a little distance from him lay the doll, ragged and dirty from exposure. He took it up tenderly, because it had belonged to Babo. His little playfellow he had loved better than any one else; and yet he had given his best — the things she was fond of — to a stranger. How often we all do that! With a sense of despair and helplessness, he ran back into the city. That night the Virgin looked down upon him with reproachful eyes. "Holy Mother, guard me!" he said, in his usual way. Then he looked up: "And Babo too," he added.

Day by day Babo grew worse. Poor Nello! he dared not look up to the Virgin now; her eyes were too full of sadness. His grief was not favorable either to his health or good-nature. The artist and his daughter found fault with him. He was no longer the laughing model or the merry playfellow; he had his own trouble now. No one but himself knew how selfish he had been. With painful clearness he remembered how often he had teased Babo, and then laughed at her tears; how many days he had forgotten her. His very soul sickened, and he hated himself.

"It is Frisetti that she's crying for, but it's death that's coming," said the mother one morning to Nello as he was hanging about the cottage door. Nello waited to hear no more. He started and ran with all his might. As he reached the city walls he met an old man with hair and beard as white as snow. The long white beard reached half-way down his waist. His face was a labyrinth of wrinkles, and his deep-set eyes stared vacantly before him. He was very old and very infirm, and as he walked slowly along in the direction of Babo's home, a sudden conviction seized Nello.

"That was Death," he said to himself. If he could only get there before him! How he ran! how panting and breathless he climbed up to the

tower and tucked the mother dove, with Tessa, Frisetti, and Pippo, into the basket, and was off again like a flash! He met the old man once again. The latter was sitting on a broken pillar, and seemed to be asleep. Nello went softly by him. Oh, if he were not too late!

There was no one around the house, and the cottage door was ajar. Nello softly opened it. In another moment he was by Babo's bedside. "Babo, darling Babo, I've brought them!" he cried. The doves flew from the open basket and softly lighted on her; but there was no recognition of them. A look was in her face that was new and strange to the boy. There were Frisetti and Nello waiting with the old affection, but she knew it not. "Babo, come back, come back!" cried Nello. She turned restlessly over, looking doubtfully at Nello; then over her face came a tender smile, and she softly said, "Frisetti."

I am glad that I can write it, — Babo did not die. Slowly the light of reason and of health came back to her. A merciful Providence watched over the children, and a weight was lifted from Nello's heart. But he never forgot the lesson.

The next year the artist sold a picture in Paris for many hundred francs. It was a painting of two heads, — the blue-black hair of Babo, with her liquid eyes and delicate pencilled eyebrows, mingled with the flaxen curls of the English child Margaretha.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

THE children of Robin Hood's Bay (on the English coast) went to school at Thorpe, hard by. The school was kept by the clergyman, who was paid £70 a year. His method of teaching was simple and good. He had a very large tray, and every boy who attended the school was expected to bring with him a bag of sand from the beach. This was put on the tray and pressed down flat until there was a perfectly even surface. Then the master said to the first boy, "Make me a B or a T," and each in turn formed this letter as well as he could in the sand, and then the surface was smoothed again and a new letter was taken. When a boy played truant from school, a "clog" (log) weighing five or six pounds was chained to his leg, and from time to time, if the master thought that the boy was taking his punishment too lightly, he aimed a telling blow at him. It was no easy matter for a boy to get out of the way of a blow when he had a heavy log chained to his leg. — *Selected.*

MORNING HYMN.

THE night is gone, the morning breaks,
Upon the bank the flower awakes;
And when the sun is on his way
The woods look golden in his ray.

Each blade of grass has beads of dew;
The sky is cloudless, soft, and blue;
The little birds on every side
Are singing of the sweet spring-tide.

Nor shall they sing alone while I
Have life beneath the sunny sky;
While I can thank the God who made
Sun, sky, sweet birds, and dewy blade.

— *Selected.*

DEEDS are fruit; words are leaves.

UTTER not as true that which you cannot as truth vouch for.

History and Biography.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY MRS. SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

ONE June day, a hundred and eighty-four years ago, when the earth was covered with bloom and loveliness, a little boy was born whose name is now a household word, "John Wesley." His father was a zealous clergyman, and his mother was a woman of rare ability and piety. She taught John the entire alphabet on his fifth birthday, and easy lessons in reading and spelling followed.

The Wesley family lived in a house built of timber, with a thatched roof. One night when they were sleeping soundly, some of Mr. Wesley's parishioners who had been excited to anger by his bold, honest rebukes, determined to revenge themselves by setting fire to his house.

All the family escaped from the flames but John. His room grew light, and he awoke suddenly. He thought it was morning, and called to his nurse to take him up. No answer came, and pulling aside the bed-curtains, he saw streaks of light and fire coming from the roof.

Greatly alarmed, he ran to the door and opened it, and was met by fire and blinding smoke. Frightened as he was, he did not lose his presence of mind. He clambered upon a chest which stood near the window, and shouted to the people below for help.

The stairs were half burned away; there was no time to get a ladder. His parents were in agony. Quickly one man was lifted on the shoulders of another man, who seized John and pulled him from the window. The instant the child's foot touched the ground the roof fell inside.

"Let the home go by," burst from the happy father's lips. "I am rich enough. Let us give thanks to God, for he has given me all my eight children." In the midst of the excited crowd, before the burning house, Mr. Wesley and his wife knelt down upon the green grass, and poured out their heartfelt thanks to God for the preservation of their little household.

They felt that John's life, so wonderfully saved, must henceforth be consecrated to holy purposes.

John left home, a half-grown boy, to attend school. He went through a regular course of study at Oxford, and was afterwards ordained to preach. He was invited by the settlers of Georgia to become a missionary among them and the Indians; and accompanied by his brother Charles, they came to America, full of fiery zeal, hoping to convert easily the red men to the religion of Christ. Their efforts did not meet with the success they anticipated. They returned to England, and began field-preaching. Open-air services became rapidly popular, and a band of twenty thousand itinerant preachers was organized, and Methodism became a powerful sect. The first Methodist church was erected in Bristol, England, in 1732, and the first Methodist meeting-house built in America was erected in 1768.

John Wesley travelled on horseback one hundred thousand miles, speaking in churches and fields to great crowds of people. He endured great hardships and trials; he met often with violent abuse, and his life was at times in peril. He felt that he had received orders from his Lord, and so nothing could check his zeal and devotion to his Master's work.

He was eighty-eight years old when he died. Under one of his portraits these words are engraved: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

Our Letter-Box.

WITH this number the second volume of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* closes. The first number of Volume III. will not appear until the schools open in September, when we hope our readers will give it a hearty welcome. We would bespeak their continued interest in this department. Let us have a heavy mail when September comes in. We want letters from the seashore and the country, with full accounts of all the pleasant doings of the summer; and we hope our readers will not forget to send also some puzzles. They have been so generous through this year — sending, in all, about sixty — that we feel sure we can rely upon them. We wish every one a pleasant vacation and a good time.

THE GRASSES.

BY B. H. T.

ORCHARD nods unto the blue-grass
In the windy weather,
Tall and stately in a mass,
Fine almost as feather.

Blue-grass now is looking out
After the sweet clover;
Wants to know what she's about,
Running fields all over.

Clover does not make reply.
She expects a gay young blade;
Holds her pink head very high;
Carries perfume, beauteous maid.

Many blades sweet clover follow;
One, a stout Hungarian lad,
Puts Sir Timothy in a hollow,
Clears the field of good and bad.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

56. Fifty days after the Passover, about the end of May. (Deuteronomy xvi. 9, 10.)

57. Harvest Feast and Feast of Weeks.

58. The presentation at the Temple of the two loaves made from the first fruits of the wheat harvest, and its bounty to the poor. (Leviticus xxiii. 17, 22; Deuteronomy xvi. 11, 12.)

59. See Leviticus xxiii. 18, 19.

60. Whitsuntide.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN Nos. 21 AND 22.

Enigma XX. Where there is a will there is a way.

Enigma XXI. By the streets of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.

Enigma XXII. Henry Ward Beecher.

Enigma XXIII. Christmas.

Enigma XXIV. A New South Sunday-school scholar.

Enigma XXV. The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

ACROSTICS.

VIII.		IX.	
Joppa.	Jordan.	Mary and Martha.	Matthias.
On.		Andrew.	
Rome.		Thomas.	
Dead Sea.		Titus.	
Assyria.		Herod Agrippa I.	
Nile.		Italy.	
		Annas.	
		Simon.	

For Youngest Readers.

THE DOLLS' BIRTHDAY-TREE.

ELLA. F. STROELIN.



YOU have heard of plum-trees, apple-trees, orange-trees, pine-trees, Christmas-trees, and many other kinds of trees. But I don't believe you have ever heard of a Dolls' Birthday-tree before. I am going to tell you about one I saw the other day.

"Lulu Dot Kerston" has sweet brown eyes, lovely complexion, hair like golden sunbeams, and form as perfect as art could make it. In fact, she is so sweet and lovable that before you know it you find yourself hugging and kissing her.

Her mamma is a beautiful little girl about twelve years old, named Mamie Dunham, but she is called "Mrs. Kerston" when playing with her sisters and others.

Lulu Dot's cousin, "Dianne Darling," is another most charming little girl-doll with laughing black eyes and sunny hair. Her mamma is a merry little girl of eight years, sister to Mamie. Her name is Allie, but she has named herself "Mrs. Darling" for her play name.

It so happened that the birthday of both Lulu Dot and Dianne came the same day, — May 24. Their mammas talked over the great day, and after suggesting first one plan, then another, as an appropriate way to celebrate the double birthday, little Mamie (I mean "Mrs. Kerston") hit upon a new and splendid way to do it.

She said it would be fun to have a party, and invite all their friends to come and bring their dolls with them. "Mrs. Darling" was delighted with the idea.

After talking over what they would do on so grand an occasion, "Mrs. Kerston" exclaimed, "I'll tell you what will be the thing! Let us have a tree, and tell all who come to bring presents for our dolls, and we will surprise them by giving their dolls presents too, just as everybody does at Christmas!"

Little Emmie Dunham, youngest sister of Mamie and Allie, about six years old, who calls herself "Mrs. Childs," came in just at that moment, and seeing her sisters so eager over something, inquired what they were talking about.

She was wild with joy at the prospect of such a good time. She has two lovely little girl-dolls, named Nellie and Clara.

Calls were made the next day on all their girl-friends, invitations were scattered around, and everybody accepted eagerly.

They had just seven working-days in which to prepare for the wonderful tree. Such whisperings as there were, and so

much going off in rooms all alone for half-days at a time!

Each little mamma in the Dunham family made three presents for every doll, — one to be presented by the make-believe papa, one by the little mamma, and one by the dolly.

It was so jolly and mysterious to get ready for the great event! It kept all the children in the whole neighborhood good-natured, happy, and busy the entire seven days. Among the beautiful things made were dresses, silk bonnets, lace caps, little morocco shoes, underclothes, velvet pillows, hand-bags, palmetto hats, negro-dolls, etc. At last the longed-for day arrived.

You ought to have seen the tree when loaded with gifts!

The little Dunham girls went off the day before and selected as nice a tree as they could find in the woods, and planted it in the prettiest spot in the orange-grove. (These children live in Florida.)

The presents were wrapped in fresh brown paper and marked neatly with the dolls' names.

The party was appointed at three o'clock; but long before that time little girls began to come from all directions, each carrying her doll dressed in its best clothes, and several bundles wrapped in paper and marked.

The little ones walked around the tree, guessing what was in several odd-looking bundles, and who would receive them.

When the clock struck three, the children could wait no longer, but raised a loud shout, and showed so much impatience that Mamie, who was master of ceremonies for the occasion, appeared immediately upon the scene, dressed like a fairy godmother. She called the company to order in a very stern voice, and then made them a funny little speech. She next called upon little May Glover (three years old) to speak a piece, which she did remarkably well. Calata Yelverton (five years old) spoke a poem very nicely; then came the taking down of the presents.

You should have seen the bright faces, and heard the shouting and laughing as the names were read and the packages opened!

Little May got a rag-dolly with which she seemed to take solid comfort. It was dressed in long clothes just like a truly-baby, and had a very funny painted face. Emmie got a large darky boy-doll that looked just like a black dude. Every little girl had presents enough to satisfy her fully. Each doll seemed to have an entirely new outfit. It was a happy time. After the feast of goodies, running about, playing a few games, etc., and admiring one another's presents, the party broke up, and the tired little girls went home to their suppers.

This Dolls' Birthday-tree will long be remembered by the children of the neighborhood.



HOMELESS.

FROM A PAINTING BY DORÉ.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

LIZARDS AND SLOW-WORMS.

BY M. E. P.

THESE are perfectly harmless reptiles, which seem to abound in warm sunny climates, and are far from being stupid.

Had you been walking along a gravel path with me one bright day in sunny Italy, you could not have taken a step without startling many lizards which had come out of the tall grass to bask in the sun.

Let us imagine ourselves there and stop to examine one of them, for they are interesting little creatures; but you must make no noise, as the slightest sound will frighten them, and they dart away like a flash and you see nothing but a quivering in the grass.

Perhaps you may be fortunate enough to catch one unawares, and just as you take it by the tail to put it on the palm of your hand, thinking you are going to have a good look, off it goes, "leaving its tail behind it;" for these strange little animals have the faculty of snapping off the ends of their tails, which twist and curl themselves in the hand, thus attracting one's attention, while the lizard runs away. Like lobsters and crabs, they can reproduce their lost tails, which are grown again in the course of two or three months. They live upon flies, earwigs, and similar insects.

In England there are two kinds of lizards, — the sand lizard, which is about seven inches long, brown and oftentimes green in color, and the common or scaly lizard.

The slow-worm or blind-worm, as it is strangely called, is very unlike the lizard in appearance, though of that tribe.

It has no legs, like the lizard, but is scaly, and has the same power of shedding and reproducing its tail. It has beautiful brown eyes and a flat, forked tongue.

It lives upon slugs, and hence is valuable to gardeners, as slugs do much harm.

The lizard tribe change their skins as they grow, shedding them in pieces.

They hibernate all winter, waking up again when warm weather comes.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY MARION RICH THOMAS.

THE girls were working for the "Country Week." When I say the "girls," I mean the Harbrook sisters — Effie, Laura, and Madge — and their particular friends in the High School.

Mamma "lent a hand;" even Papa gave advice smilingly; and the boys were continually called upon to run errands, wind worsted, and print the programmes. Everybody in the Harbrook family seemed able to help the cause along, but Dorothy.

Now, Dorothy was a certain very small damsel of five, who had to go to bed at seven and wear bibs, — two fierce trials for her ambitious ladyship; for Dorothy was old in feelings, and wanted to do just what all the big girls did.

She shed a great many tears privately to think that she could do nothing to help the fair; and then, too, when the girls met to work, it was "Run away, Dot! run and play with the cat!" Oh, how that small bosom swelled with injured pride! Play with the cat? Run away? Dot had dropped such frivolities long ago.

Now, our young lady attended the primary department of the Sunday-school connected with Unity Church; and though she said little, nothing escaped her notice. One Sunday her teacher had said to her pupils: "If you do kind things for other people, Jesus cares as much for it as if it were done to him. If you give a cup of cold water to some one who needs it, you are working for Christ."

Dorothy remembered these words, and they came home with peculiar force to her one June day. She was sitting on the piazza steps feeling very much like crying. The big girls had sent her away, for they wanted to talk over their secrets; and "little pitchers have long ears," you know.

Suddenly the sober face brightened, and Dorothy got up and ran into the house to find Mamma.

Mamma was in the nursery bathing baby, yet quite ready to listen to her small daughter's request. "A very good idea, Dottie," she said, kissing the eager face; "and Norah will help you."

Dorothy put on her hat, and went down the street to the store, clasping her little pocket-book very tightly. She bought six lemons, and hurried back full of importance.

Norah was ready to help, and in a short time they had made a great stone jar full of delicious lemonade. How yellow the bits of lemon looked floating about, and how the ice clinked against the side of the jar! Dorothy squeezed a dozen great strawberries into the jar, then ran up to the playroom. She found her play-table, and carried it downstairs and out into the yard. In a corner under a maple, and very near the fence, it was placed, and spread with a white fringed cloth. Norah carried out the jug and six glasses, and Dorothy trimmed the edge of the table with mignonette and sweet-pea blossoms.

It was an oppressively hot day. The dust lay over everything, and the sunshine fell with a scorching glare.

Dr. Hayden, the dear old parish minister, came slowly down the street wiping his brow with his handkerchief; and as he stopped to lean over the fence Dorothy came shyly forward, holding out a glass of lemonade.

"Well, well, this is refreshing," he said, after sipping the delicious drink. "Why do you do it, dearie?"

The little face colored, but she said softly, "You 'member 'bout the cup of cold water, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, child," murmured the good man. "God bless you, darling!" And as he went away there were tears in his kind eyes.

A little later several factory girls went by on their way home from work.

"Won't you have some lemonade?" said a sweet little voice.

They stopped and looked over the fence at the pretty table, and at Dorothy, who held out a glass in each hand.

"Keepin' store?" said one girl, good-naturedly.

"Oh no, this is for you. I don't want any pay," answered Dorothy, hastily.

"Well, I never!" said the girl; and they all stared at one another. But each drank a glassful, and passed on after warmly thanking the child.

Dorothy's next guests were a crowd of factory men. It required some courage to speak to them, but she did it. The men looked curiously at her, but said nothing beyond their thanks. However, not one of them went into the liquor store which lay in wait near their own doors.

I cannot tell you about all Dorothy's guests. The stone jar seemed like the cup in the fairy story, which never could be emptied. There were

High-school boys who tried to tease her at first, but who called her a "trump" after they had tasted her lemonade, and a tired woman and a crying baby, and Father Lynch, the priest, who gave all his time and money to the poor.

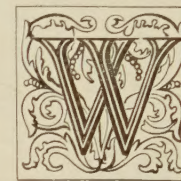
That night, when Mrs. Harbrook undressed Dorothy, the child looked up earnestly into the dear mother-face and said, "Do you s'pose Jesus liked it any better 'cause it was lemonade instead of just water, and paid for with my own pennies?"

"I think our dear Elder Brother would be glad to know that Dorothy wants to do good, and is willing to give up her own for others' sake."

"I love to help the good Jesus," said Dorothy, happily, "and I mean to do something for him every single day just as long as I live."

THE TREE AND THE FOREST.

[Translated and condensed for Every Other Sunday from the French of Madame Guizot by Katherine Hagar.]



"HAT fine trees!" said M. d'Ambly as he was walking through a beautiful grove of oak-trees.

"What a beautiful fire it would make!" answered his son Eugene.

Two days before, Eugene had read in a book of travels a description of a fire in the woods; and since then he could think of nothing else. He liked excitement, and, like most children, he thought only of the present amusement.

"If it would not injure any one," he resumed, "I should like to have this forest accidentally set on fire; it would be grand. I am sure, papa, that we should see the light from our castle."

"Then you would find a great deal of pleasure in seeing a tree burn?"

"Oh! a tree," said Eugene, — "I should not care for that; but a forest, how beautiful that would be!"

"This talk of burning reminds me of something that should be done," said M. d'Ambly. "I must have that young linden, at the edge of the lawn in front of the castle, cut down; it grows too fast, and it will soon hide the view entirely."

"Oh, papa!" cried Eugene, much disturbed, "that beautiful linden? I was looking up at it the other day, and I saw this year's shoots as long as my arm."

As Eugene was talking, they came to a young poplar-tree that the day before had been beaten down by a storm. Its foliage had not yet withered, but the young shoots, though still green, were losing their vigor; they hung weak and soft, as if overcome by drought. But in that case a little water would have restored strength and freshness to the tree; now nothing could reanimate it. Eugene stopped before the poplar and pitied it.

"See," said M. d'Ambly, "our linden will look like that in two days."

"Oh!" cried Eugene, "can you be so heartless as to think this of the poor linden-tree?"

"Why not? A linden is not more precious than a poplar, not more precious than an oak; and you — you would like to see this whole forest on fire."

"Indeed, papa, it is not the same thing."

"Yes, there is a great difference between cutting down a tree that is in the way, or that is needed for fire-wood, and burning for your amusement twelve or fifteen thousand trees."

"But I do not know these trees."

"You did not know the poplar-tree which you pitied so much."

"At least I saw it."

"And you do not see those that surround it? Look at that one, how straight it is, how strong."

"Oh, what a beautiful oak-tree! I cannot get my arms round it. Look, papa, how high it is! It has three great branches as large as great trees."

"It must be fifty or sixty years old, and it will keep on growing for at least twenty more."

"How enormous it will be then! I hope I shall see it."

"But if it should be burned?"

"I should be very sorry."

"Would you have any more pleasure in seeing this one burned?" said M. d'Ambly, pointing to one with four enormous trunks springing from the ground.

"No, indeed; it forms a seat. Papa, some day when we are not in a hurry, we will come and rest in it."

"Then you will except these two from the conflagration of the forest?"

"Now that I think of all the trees which form the forest, I have no desire to see any of them burned."

His father answered: "You will probably never own a forest that you can have burned for your amusement; but you may have authority over men. Think what would happen if you should forget that a city, a community, is formed of men, just as you forgot that a forest is composed of trees."

"I knew in my youth," continued M. d'Ambly, "a very good, but a very obstinate man, whose name was M. de Marne. He had had a quarrel with the director of a hospital established in a little village near one of his estates. The greater part of the property of the hospital was dependent upon this estate, as was the custom at that time; that is, the hospital owned this property under an agreement to pay a certain revenue to M. de Marne, and to receive two patients whom he should send. The ancestors of M. de Marne had endowed the hospital, on condition that this right should continue to the owner of the estate. The director had tried to cheat M. de Marne about the payment of the revenue, and had insisted that thereafter he should send only one patient to the hospital. M. de Marne became angry; a lawsuit was the result, and M. de Marne's lawyer, in looking over the papers, had discovered, or thought that he had discovered, that the property which had occasioned the lawsuit belonged to M. de Marne, and not to the hospital, 'because,' he said, 'the ancestors of M. de Marne had given it only on certain conditions, which had not been fulfilled, so that M. de Marne could take possession of it again.' This would ruin the hospital. M. de Marne was delighted when he received this news, — all the more because he had just heard that one of the patients whom he had sent to the hospital had been discharged too soon, not having entirely recovered, so that he had been taken sick again and had died. His poor widow, carrying her youngest child on her back, had come to Paris to ask aid of M. de Marne. She wept while relating the last words of her husband, who said on his death-bed: 'If M. de Marne had been here, he would have kept me in the hospital, and I should not die.' M. de Marne, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to her sad story, burst forth: 'I will ruin this villain, this heartless director!' He forgot that he was going to ruin the hospital, and that he should drive out about a hundred sick people, all as miserable and

as sick as this poor Jacques, and whose misery, if he had thought of it, would have distressed him quite as much. The lawsuit was actively prosecuted, not by M. de Marne, whom his business kept in Paris, but by his lawyer, who urged it on as rapidly as possible, without consulting M. de Marne; and fearing that M. de Marne would abandon his claim, was careful not to inform him of what was said in the country about his eagerness to ruin a hospital which was of so much benefit there. If M. de Marne had thought of the sick people, his benevolence would have been aroused; he could not have endured the idea of doing so much harm. Instead of this, the lawyer told him only of the bad actions of the director, and his angry words. With every letter M. de Marne became furiously angry, and his hatred for one man absolutely prevented him from thinking of a hundred others whom he ought to have pitied. At last he gained his lawsuit. He had been busy for a week about the admission of a poor woman into a hospital for incurable diseases at Paris. 'Here are two pieces of good news,' said he as he received the two letters which informed him of the success of both affairs, and he wrote immediately to his lawyer to testify to him his satisfaction at the successful result of the lawsuit which he had conducted, and to the person who had procured the place in the hospital for incurable diseases, in order to thank him for having succeeded in obtaining a home and proper care for an infirm old woman. He did not think of the matter again for some time; but he was surprised one day to receive a letter from his lawyer informing him that the director had become bankrupt and had fled from the country. No one knew where he had gone, and he added that for three days before his flight was discovered, the sick people in the hospital had not had either bread or broth, and that several would have died if the Sisters of Charity had not aided them, and they feared that several would die as a result of this suffering. He wrote also that the Sisters continued their services with the greatest zeal, and that the people in the village and country near gave their aid; but this was not sufficient for all, and those who were not seriously ill were refused assistance, and they had gone away weeping and almost fainting by the roadside from weakness and discouragement. All these details troubled M. de Marne very seriously. The lawyer added at the end of the letter: 'Every one acknowledges that the director had neither order nor economy. For a long time the hospital has been in a bad condition, — the loss of the lawsuit has ruined it.'

"Then M. de Marne realized what he had done. He pictured to himself these unfortunate people falling by the roadside in grief and exhaustion; he thought of them as going weeping away from the hospital, perhaps cursing him. He remembered the three days that they had been without bread or broth. His imagination depicted to him all their pale and suffering faces, and they passed before his mind one after the other, — as you have just now looked at each tree in the forest. There was not one whom he would not gladly have relieved at the price of his own life. He could not endure the thought of the trouble that he had caused them, and he tried still to convince himself that the director was the cause of this dreadful suffering. He wrote to his agent to send them aid, and as soon as possible he went to his estate.

"He visited the hospital — it was closed; the last invalid had just been moved away. The furniture and house were to be sold to satisfy the creditors. M. de Marne observed that many

persons avoided him, for the lawsuit had prejudiced them against him. The misery that had resulted had cast about it something disgraceful which affected every one against him. The report was spread that he had come to buy the house and the rest of the property of the hospital; and one day when he was passing through a street, the children threw stones at him. He began to realize all the wrong that he had done. The poor man whose widow he had aided had a son who had broken his leg, and it was bent. M. de Marne asked his mother why she had not had it set. 'I could have sent him,' said she, 'to the hospital if —' and she stopped. He saw peasants neglecting the cultivation of their land. He asked the cause of this neglect. 'Oh!' said they, 'we used to sell our vegetables to the hospital; but now —' and M. de Marne saw that every one had the thought which he himself could never forget. He decided to leave that part of the country and even to sell his estate, when an epidemic disease was reported in a neighboring village. It appeared there almost every year, and in order to care for the persons attacked by it, the hospital had been founded by a rich man who had been ill with this disease, and who had made a vow to found this hospital if he were cured. As this was known throughout the region, on the first symptoms of this epidemic the persons attacked were taken to the hospital, where they were usually cured; and this prevented the disease from spreading. The epidemic was terrible this year, and the feeling against M. de Marne increased. He secretly sent aid to this village; but he did not venture there himself until he was encouraged by the Sisters of Charity, who by dint of repeating all that he had done for the village, had softened the bad feeling. Still, when passing through the streets he would hear: 'There goes M. de Marne, who is trying to restore a little of the property of the hospital.' If he called on a sick person and asked about his health: 'I thank you, sir, I am gaining; but I should have been cured sooner at the hospital.' Overcome with sadness, and overwhelmed with anxiety and weariness, he took the disease and died, partly from grief because he had forgotten that a hospital is composed of men, as you forgot just now that a forest is composed of trees."

"How sad this is!" said Eugene, who had listened attentively.

As he spoke, he was going to throw a stone into the midst of a flock of sparrows that had just alighted near him. He stopped.

"Papa," said he, "I will not throw this stone at these sparrows, for I remember the grief I have felt when I have seen some one teasing my sister's canary, and the poor little creature trying to escape into every corner of his cage; and it seems to me that every sparrow, if I should frighten it, would suffer as my sister's canary did."

"That is the truth, my son; and you must remember this if you are ever obliged to take care of the interests of many men at the same time, and you are tempted to forget that the regiment of soldiers, or the factory filled with workmen, is made up of men exactly like yourself. You must imagine yourself, or some one dear to you, in the place of each one of them."

They had entered the garden, and were near the linden-tree.

"I must say good-by to it," said Eugene.

"No," answered M. d'Ambly, smiling; "it shall remain, provided that you promise me to think, every time you look at it, that every tree in the forest deserves as much consideration as your linden, and that in any collection of men each one is of as much importance as you yourself are."

Teachers' Department.

A HELP IN SECURING ATTENTION.

How to gain and keep the scholar's attention is a question of much perplexity to the average Sunday-school teacher. On the solution of the problem all true success depends; for *teaching* implies a receiving as well as a giving. We may tell a lesson to a scholar ever so well; but unless the thing we have told is lodged in his mind we have really taught him nothing.

Quiet does not indicate attention. If a child were deaf, and you should speak to him in such a manner that he could not see the motion of your lips, you might talk to him by the hour, and yet he would be profited not a whit by all you might say; though he remained quiet all the while he would evidently be thinking his thoughts, not yours. Inattention is a mental deafness as disadvantageous to the pupil while it lasts as is the physical disease.

We are often told that a bright look and a smile will win the attention of a child; yet I think that any one who has taught an average Sunday-school class for six months will agree that on a proportion of the scholars bright looks and smiles often fail of the effect intended. When the smiles fail many teachers are at a loss to know what to do, and become discouraged. They often exclaim in tears, "I've tried and tried to get my scholars to pay attention. I've been so kind to them, and talked to them about it; but it does n't do any good!"

In such cases a resolute *will* to have attention is often just what the teacher lacks. Make it clearly felt that attention you *must* have before you proceed any further with the lesson. It is often a question of who has the stronger will,—you or your pupil. If you can capture his will and carry it along in harmony with your thought, you can keep his attention. The habit of inattention is not so often the result of obstinacy on the part of the child as it is of a lack of self-control. Children are troubled in the same way that a gentleman was whom the editor of the "S. S. Times" tells about. "A gentleman who, although he was a communicant in the church, was commonly more interested in his week-day business than in his Sabbath duties, bought a fine pair of horses on a certain Saturday. When Sunday morning came he went to church, and tried to fix his thoughts on the preacher's words, but those horses ran away with his thoughts. His wife perceived this; and after the service she said to him, 'You were thinking more of your new horses than you were of the sermon this morning.' 'I know it,' he said. 'Well, do you think that was right?' she added. 'No,' was his frank reply, 'I don't think it was right, and I'm sorry for it. But, after all, I don't think I was the only one at fault in the matter. I tried to give attention to our pastor, but I could n't. I think he ought to have been able to pull me away from those horses.'"

And so, in the absence of self-control on the part of the child, you must exercise your will, and "pull him away" from the things he is thinking about, and fasten his thoughts on the lesson. It is a forced attention, to be sure, and will last only for the time present. No doubt you will be obliged to go over the same ground next Sunday; but if faithfully followed up, the result you are aiming at will become permanent; for giving attention will grow into a habit, and when the habit is formed the child will necessarily become interested in the things he is giving attention to. You do not need to be forbiddingly stern; you can keep good-natured, but withal you should keep a steady nerve and firm hand, and master the situation. — *Selected.*

NEVER trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

IF you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

VOLUME THREE

OF

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

THE first number of the third volume of our paper will bear date of September 18.

The volume will contain twenty-two numbers. It will be the editor's aim to maintain the present high standard of the paper, and if possible to advance to greater excellence.

There has been a slight increase in our subscription list, but we ought to have for the coming year a great many new subscribers. Will not our readers, one and all, make a personal effort to persuade others to take the paper? We do not wish to indulge in any self-praise; but we have repeatedly been told that **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY** is the handsomest and most interesting Sunday-school paper in the United States. We know that our pictures are exceptionally fine, often equal in artistic merit to the best wood-cuts in the magazines. The reading matter which we furnish is wholesome in its teaching and excellent in its literary quality. For the number of the illustrations and of the reading pages which each volume contains, the subscription price of forty cents a year is exceedingly low.

The only changes of importance that we have to announce for the next year are the discontinuance of our Book Notices, and the substitution of more matter in the Teachers' Department. We shall make a point of giving clear abstracts of the valuable lecture-talks to teachers which are to be given in Channing Hall. In this way we hope to make our paper more valuable to all our Sunday-school teachers, and we shall look for a marked increase of subscribers from every school.

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